

# *After Sunrise*

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*By P. M. Wagner*



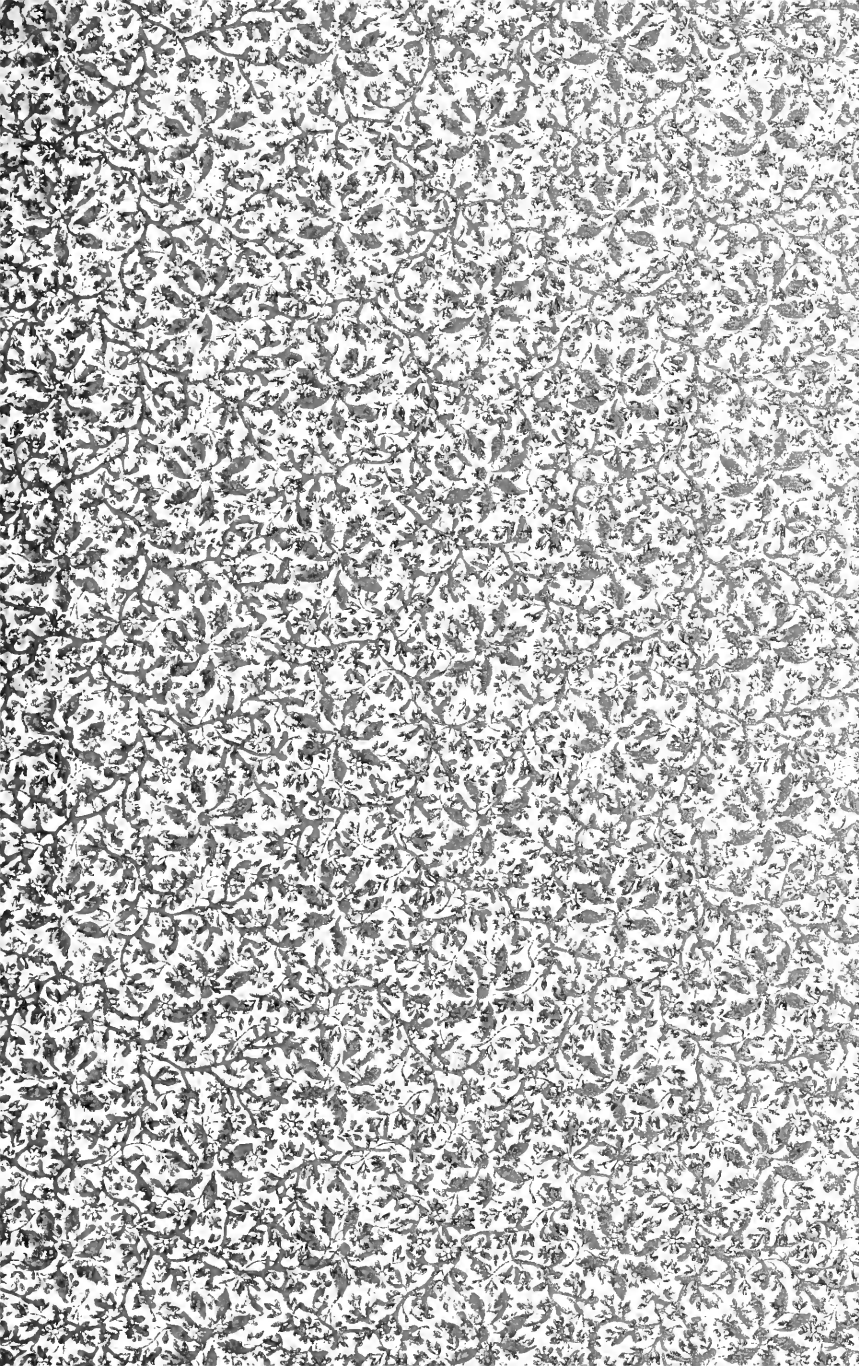


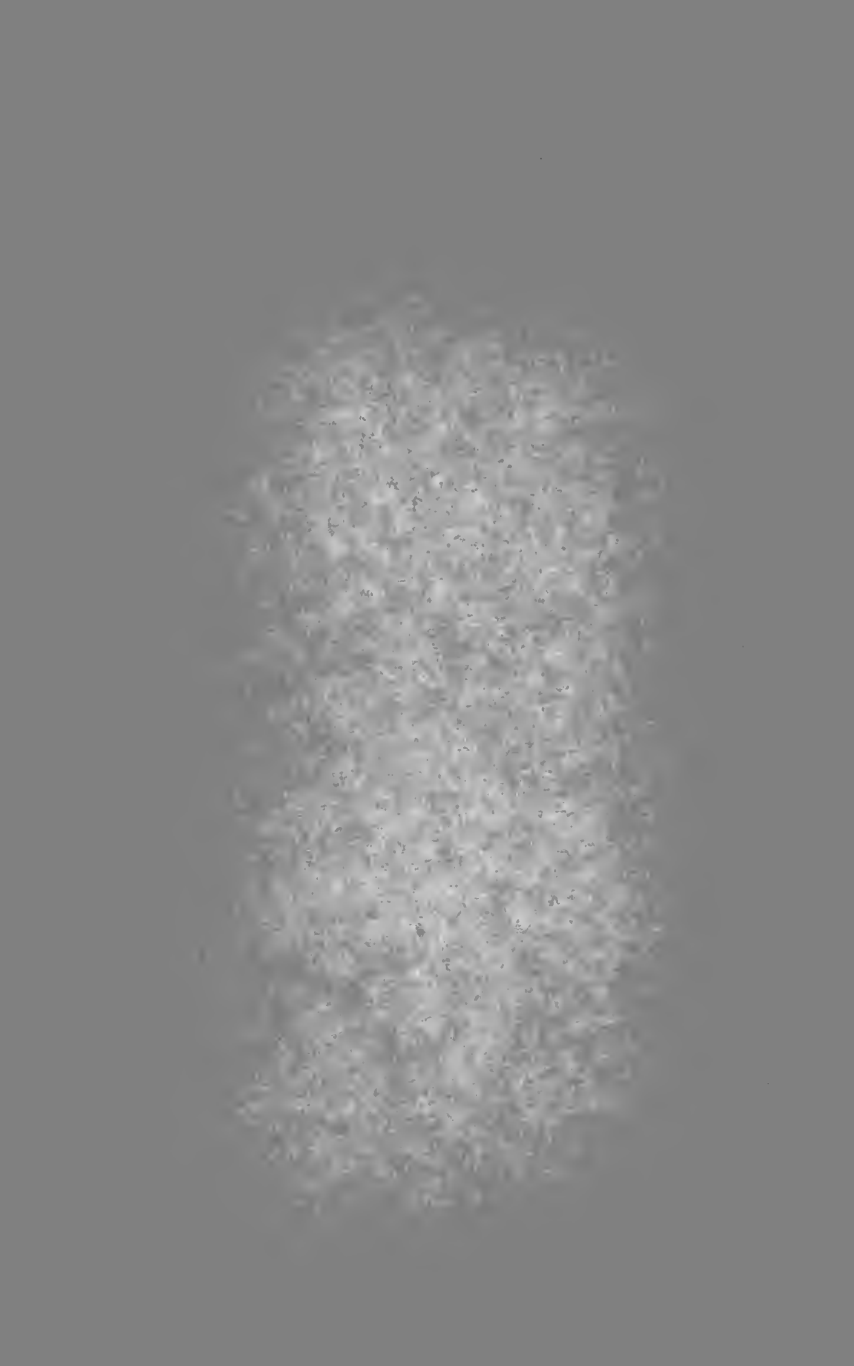
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*AFTER SUNRISE*





*Sincerely Yours,*

*P. M. Wagner, M.D.*





# After Sunrise

or,

## Second Attempts at Poetry

by

Philip Matthew Wagner

Author of "At The Dawn," Etc.



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**New Philadelphia,**  
**Ohio**

DEDICATION.

To



*Henrietta*



## TO THE READER.

The former products of the Author's pen having been accorded a kind reception, he again, with his natural sense of timidity, ventures out on the great sea of Literature.

This little volume is sent forth on its mission with "many a misgiving and many a doubt," but with the fond hope of a little seed falling here and there and springing up to somewhere and somehow light some benighted soul on the way of rectitude and truth.

P. M. W.

Canal Dover, Ohio, Aug. 20, 1909.



# *Educational Poems*





**A MYSTERY.**

**MEDITATION.**

**NATURE'S CALL.**

**TO THE TEACHERS OF TUSCARAWAS  
COUNTY, OHIO.**

**DO NOT.**

**APRIL.**

**EIN BRIEF.**

**FAREWELL LETTER.**

**WHITTIER.**

**OUR JOE.**



## A MYSTERY.

Life is a mystery to me,  
Uncertain too;  
We're born, we live perhaps, to see  
It's miseries, its woes' decree,  
And then to do  
What is our fate—to sadly sigh,  
Breathe yet awhile, and then to die.

On childhood's morn we ope to light  
Uncoloured eyes;  
We look about, see all is bright  
That comes within our range of sight,  
With varied dyes.  
All nature's works are painted o'er,  
From ocean's wave, from shore to shore.

Inquiring eyes, outstretched hands  
Begin their work;  
They fathom everything that stands  
In places near, on distant strands,  
And never shirk;  
They are the instruments of mind,  
Whose uses teach all humankind.

Thus education leads up higher,  
From day to day;

It stimulates a fond desire  
And kindles in the soul a fire  
Whose embers may,  
Imbedded deep, warm up within  
And cause a greater growth begin.

A few short years, then childhood's days  
And their delight  
Have passed; no more their simple lays  
Are heard; the childish form now strays  
To greater might;  
The days of youth have come to reign  
O'er childhood's sacred, late domain.

The brain, the mind develop fast  
In Learning's way,  
As youthful minds are molded, cast,  
So will they be when youth is past.  
Great, or astray,  
Which will they be? That all depends  
On what great power itself commends.

Environment, heredity  
Assert themselves  
In various ways for mastery  
In shaping man's great destiny.  
'Tis truth that delves  
Into the labyrinths of thought  
With richest, purest knowledge fraught.

The pearls, the gems of greatest worth  
Are garnered there.

Of honor bright, there seems a dearth  
Among the fading things of earth;  
Yet, everywhere,  
The dormant germs of childhood's strife  
Are springing into youthful life.

A few short years, then bids adieu,  
The buoyant youth,  
To balmiest days, no more to strew,  
As only youthful hands can do,  
The seeds of truth  
To sprout and grow in minds mature  
And through eternity endure.

The youth to manhood soon has grown,  
Then seeks to find  
The mysteries to realms unknown,  
And finding, make them serve his own  
To store his mind  
With theories and truth profound  
That soon shall o'er the earth resound.

His theories, perhaps, will meet  
The skeptic's eye,  
Who may resolve to bring defeat  
By calling on all men to treat  
Distrustingly,  
All recent thought or theory,  
No matter who the author be.

If truth is their foundation-stone,  
His obscure name

From humblest sphere to gilded throne  
Will rise and everywhere be known.

On heights of fame  
His name shall rest, from there to spread  
Its radiance o'er the skeptic's head.

'Tis truth divine upon which stands  
The hope of man.  
The mysteries of God's own hands  
Are subject not to our commands;  
Since time began,  
Mysterious and changeless ways  
Have marked and mark all Nature's lays.

From early morn upon which wakes  
The wondering child,  
Through busy youth, which ne'er forsakes  
But freely of what's taught partakes,  
Through undefiled,  
Maturer years, a problem great  
Confronts us with its looks sedate.

We try to solve it, but in vain;  
'Tis mystery:  
Through all our work we courage gain  
To strive to reach that royal plane  
Where we shall see,  
And seeing, clearly understand  
The workings of a Master-hand.

## MEDITATION.

One night I sat before the open door  
In meditation deep;  
My thoughts sped o'er much ancient classic lore,  
And volumes of the present's golden store  
Which truth and learning keep.  
The works, the fruits of brave incessant toil,  
I saw implanted in productive soil.

The seed that was by hoary sages sown  
In years long past and gone,  
Since then to full maturity has grown,  
Or has to realms of nothingness been blown,  
As ought with much be done.  
Naught but the best, the rarest of the rare,  
Should man's or woman's meditations share.

Of shallow, silly, base and useless stuff,  
The world now has too much.  
If led by it, one soon must meet rebuff,  
And then be led to cry, "O, 'tis enough,  
Deliver me from such  
And let me drink the draught serene and pure  
That will through time, eternity endure."

Of beauteous things in literature and art,  
The treasures of the past

Are little grains of sand, that play a part  
In giving to the present age a start,  
    And it is moving fast,  
To form the rocks from which to chisel out  
The images of truth, not fruitless doubt.

The rocks of virtue, truth and love  
    Are indestructible,  
And at the sculptor's will are caused to move,  
As if directed by the Hand above,  
    And not be cheerless, dull;  
But to partake of all that is divine  
And like the sun in noonday splendor shine.



## NATURE'S CALL.

For all who seek the precious hidden truths  
Which yet lie deep imbedded from the eyes  
Of mortal beings, there are many joys  
And pleasures; but the idle, listless minds  
That dwell upon the fading things of earth,  
Will disappointment see. Inquiring minds  
And watchful eyes are seldom led astray.

Within the realms of Nature's gorgeous works  
There is a gentle voice that whispers, "Come,  
Come learn to think the richest, highest thoughts  
That e'er can fill the mind of man. My store  
Is inexhaustable; my teachings lead  
To higher life, where peace, contentment reign  
Supreme."

The rocks, themselves, huge volumes are,  
Upon whose massive pages are inscribed  
The records of the past. The history  
Recorded there, can never be effected,  
Nor e'er denied. Imprinted deep, its time  
To fade will ne'er be known, will never come,  
But for eternities 'twill stand, changeless  
As He who rules the universe and is  
The Father of us all.

The hills, the vales,  
The streams that flow in their majestic course,  
The water bubbling from the ground to form  
The rivulets, the grass, the shrubs, the trees,  
And e'en the meanest flower, the beasts and birds,  
Yea, every living thing, instill our souls  
With anxious thoughts and keen desires to know  
What we shall never know, until the cares,  
The trials, pain and woe of this brief life  
Have all been borne, and we are summoned to  
A brighter and a better world.

## TO THE TEACHERS OF

### TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, OHIO.

There are scores of pupils waiting  
For the fast approaching hour,  
When the bell begins its ringing  
In the distant school-house tower.

Bright vacation's days are over  
And the mind has had its rest,  
Fertile fields, prepared for sowing,  
Now are waiting for the best.

They are waiting, longing, yearning  
To begin to think and toil  
O'er the labors that shall fit them  
As the pride of Freedom's soil.

From the youngest to the oldest,  
They await the happy time,  
When the bells once more shall call them  
By their sweet, melodious chime.

With sweet faces, bright and cheerful,  
With their hearts all free from care,  
They are longing to assemble  
In the courts of learning fair.

They are thinking of their teachers  
Have for each and all in store,  
That shall aid in their building,  
And shall last forevermore.

They are planning for the future;  
They are building day by day  
At that great and mighty structure,  
Made by God of homely clay;

At that mightier, grander structure  
That for aye shall ever shine,  
That each day grows stronger, brighter,  
In the light and love divine.

But that clayey house must crumble,  
And return to silent dust,  
While the spirit takes departure  
And then mingles with the just.

I have oft been set to thinking  
What the true results will be,  
When this mighty corps of teachers  
Train the children of the free.

For the work imposed upon them  
Is the noblest to be done.  
There is nothing from the gloaming  
To the setting of the sun,

That is higher, grander, nobler,  
Than the training of the mind.

You may seek, but in your seeking  
You will nothing greater find.

Not alone the mental training,  
But the physical as well,  
Needs attention from the teacher,  
If his labors are to tell.

There's the moral nature also,  
Needs true guidance from the start,  
Else the evil will be ruling  
What should be the better part.

If the body is neglected,  
And the moral nature weak,  
There will that which is immortal  
Soon another dwelling seek.

For it has been clearly proven  
That when morals are depraved,  
They will wreck the mortal body  
And the soul that should be saved.

Go, my friends, by God directed,  
Teach the youth of Freedom's land;  
Teach them to be true to country,  
And by her to ever stand;

Teach them to be sons and daughters,  
True to country and to God,  
True to self and fellow-being,  
Treading as our fathers trod;

Teach them to be up and doing,  
For there soon on them will fall  
The proud mantle of their fathers,  
At the sound of country's call.

Guide, direct them in life's pathway,  
Led by love of truth and right;  
Then when comes the hour of parting,  
All your record will be bright.

Seek, my friends, a crown of jewels,  
For your labors in this life;  
It will be a fitting tribute,  
For your labor and your strife.

Leave, my friends, a noble record,  
And receive without reserve,  
Praise and honor, rightly meted,  
From the people whom you serve.

## DO NOT.

Do not chew, my friend and neighbor;  
Do not use the filthy weed;  
From the brutes now learn the lesson;  
On it they refuse to feed.

Do not chew gum or tobacco,  
For it ne'er was God's design  
To have man himself to humble,  
Or to chew a cud like kine.

Do not smoke. Had God intended  
That man ever should so do,  
He'd have formed him with a chimney  
For the smoke to travel through.

Do not drink death-dealing liquors,  
For they make a fool of man,  
Kill his conscience, starve his children,  
As there's nothing else that can.

Do not chew or drink, my brother;  
It will wreck your mortal frame;  
Its effects upon your offspring  
Will be misery and shame.

See the weak and nervous children!  
Ask you of all this the cause?

Nothing but the free transgression  
Of kind Nature's changeless laws.

In the alms-house and the prison,  
In the homes for imbecile,  
In asylums for the insane,  
Those effects are telling still.

Do not swear, for it is useless,  
And good-breeding's want proclaims;  
It is foolish, it is wicked,  
And spreads darkness o'er your name.

Do not gossip, for the devil  
Owns Dame Gossip for his wife;  
She is ever watching, waiting  
To create discord and strife.

Show her out your nearest doorway,  
If she enters your abode;  
Fill your mind with thoughts the noblest,  
That all time can ne'er corrode.

Do not grumble, for the grumbler  
Is despised by every one;  
For him is too long the sermon,  
Or too brightly shines the sun.

For him is too short the menu,  
Or too dim the starry sky;  
Oft the seasons and the weather  
Are for him too wet or dry.



But the joys of heaven, my reader,  
Will too perfect for him be;  
To enjoy his graceful habit,  
He must other regions see.

Do not shirk your humble duties;  
There is always work to do;  
Do it with a zeal reflecting  
Praise and honor over you.

Do your duty, do it ever;  
Let the world think what it may;  
'Tis your duty to be fitting  
For the bright, eternal day.

## APRIL.

When the buds begin to open,  
Then we know that April's here;  
'Twas thus by the Romans spoken  
Of this season of the year.

By the Anglo-Saxon people  
"Oster" it was aptly called,  
Which is but the month of Easter,  
As in English 'tis installed.

By the Dutch the month of April,  
For the grass begins to grow,  
Oft receives the name of "Grass-month,"  
As it did long years ago.

'Tis the month when we're permitted,  
In some simple, artful way,  
On our neighbors, while unmindful,  
Many foolish tricks display.

## **EIN BRIEF.**

Liebe Schueler:—

Meine Pflichten sind zu Ende,

Meine Arbeit ist gethan.

Huetet meine Lehre, Kinder,

Denket, denket oft daran.

Meine Lehre soll euch fuehren

Auf der Warheits schoenen Pfad.

Thut nur das was gut und loeblich;

Lasset jede bose That.

Laster bringt den Mensch zur Schande;

Tugend ist das schoenste Kleid.

Lebet so das Gottes Segen

G'leit euch hin zur Ewigkeit.

P. M. Wagner, Lehrer.

Zoar, Ohio, April 11, 1893.

## FAREWELL LETTER.

(Translation of "Ein Brief.")

Dear Pupils:—

My duties are now ended,  
And now my work is done.  
O, heed my teachings, children,  
And often think thereon.

In truth's great path of beauty,  
My teachings you shall lead;  
Do only what's commended,  
And shun each evil deed.

Let virtue be your garment;  
Vice brings to man disgrace.  
Live to receive God's blessing  
And win eternal peace.

## WHITTIER.

There's a name on every tongue,  
Where a song of Freedom's sung,  
Thrills the soul like joy divine,  
And for aye will ever shine,  
Fills the heart with rapturous joy,  
Like the heart of "Barefoot Boy."

From a humble farmer's home  
To the poet's fancied throne,  
To the legislative halls,  
Where the voice of country calls,  
To the plains of classic prose,  
He in Quaker fashion rose.

From his pen flowed Freedom's voice  
Which made many a heart rejoice.  
Love and pity, scenes of home,  
Whence all joy and comfort come,  
Are embodied in his verse  
That we often fain rehearse.

Whittier's is a noble name,  
Free from blemish and from shame,  
Fit to freely imitate  
By the lowly and the great.  
Where it points we all can see—  
Bright and fair eternity.

## OUR JOE.

That's our Joe,  
Don't yer know?  
He's bin off ter college  
Gettin' lot's o' knowledge.  
He's the smartest of our fam'ly,  
An' does ev'ry thing so calmly,  
Our Joe.

Yes, that's so,  
That our Joe  
Wants ter be a teacher,  
An' each human creature  
By his teachin' to inspire,  
An' to lead them all up higher,  
Our Joe.

All who know  
That our Joe  
Is a aimin' higher,  
An' to draw all nigher  
To the Maker of each creature,  
Call him a young upstart preacher,  
Our Joe.

Don't yer know,  
In our Joe,

They are all mistaken,  
At the work of shapin'  
An' a moldin' minds so youthful,  
He is noble, good an' truthful,  
Our Joe.

Why, our Joe,  
This I know,  
Has a will the firmest  
An' a mien the sternest,  
But the kindest heart is beatin'  
In his bosom, an' entreatin'  
Our Joe,—

Prayin' Joe  
To mercy show  
To the playful mortals  
Who, within the portals,  
Are evadin' all the rulin'  
He has made for proper schoolin'.  
Our Joe.

It is so  
That our Joe  
Views the field of duty  
As a realm of beauty,  
An' is strivin' to enlighten  
An' the dullest mind to brighten.  
Our Joe.

Now, our Joe,  
People know,

Is not merely guessin',  
But his work's a blessin';  
To his callin' he's devoted  
An' is fast becomin' noted.

Our Joe.

I asked Joe  
How to go  
Through a school that teaches  
How to make great speeches,  
An' to reason like the sages  
Whom we meet on history's pages.

Our Joe.

Then our Joe  
Told me so,  
If I'd be more steady  
An' be gettin' ready,  
I could get as good a learnin'  
As he now is after yearnin'.

Our Joe.

"For," said Joe,  
"All men know  
That by perseverin'  
An' the truth a-hearin',  
We can fit for life eternal  
An' a radiant home supernal."

Our Joe.

"If you go,"  
Said our Joe,



“Without ever thinkin’  
Or of truth e’er drinkin’,  
Through this life in heedless manner,  
Ne’er you’ll see true victory’s banner.”

Our Joe.



*Patriotic Poems.*



OUR HEROES.

LINES ON LINCOLN.

GEORGE AND MARTHA.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.



## OUR HEROES.

(Written for Decoration Day.)

It was in April, 'Sixty-one,  
When Ruffin fired that rebel gun;  
When crashed the rebels' challenge ball  
Against Fort Sumter's granite wall;  
When rose that mighty rebel host  
To capture every Union post;  
To cause much human blood to flow,  
This Union great to overthrow.

"Secession," was the Southern cry.  
"Maintain the Union, we must try!"  
Was echoed throughout all the land  
By many a loyal patriot band.  
"Maintain it, at whatever cost,  
Our Union never dare be lost;  
Maintain her rights, this land so free—  
This land of blood-bought liberty!"

Shall we permit to tear down  
This great and glorious free-man's throne  
For which our sturdy fathers fought,  
For which they labored long and wrought  
With nerveless hand and aching brow?"  
But list to yonder tramping now!

The answer comes from gleaming lines  
And where the polished bayonet shines.

Those lines contain both great and small.  
They're bravely answering to the call  
Of Lincoln's voice, for men to fight  
For country, freedom and the right;  
To guard, protect each loyal home  
Whence joy and peace and comfort come;  
To free the slave whom Freedom's voice  
Would cause with thankful heart rejoice.

What means this wailing, piteous sound,  
Those mournful tones which now surround  
Our ears? It is a mother's cry;  
She's bidding husband, son good-bye;  
It is a sister's mourning tone  
For father, brother who have gone  
To fight for country, native land,  
And for her cause to fall or stand.

The cry is hushed, and in its stead  
We see them kneeling with bowed head,  
Eyes full of tears; their voices rise  
To Him who rules the earth and skies,  
To ask of Him and Him implore  
To lead them safely through the war,  
And when their soldier's work is done  
To bring them home, yea, every one.

That mother's and that sister's love  
Were kin to that of God above,



For days and weeks and months and years,  
Their prayers oft were checked by tears  
They toiled and prayed, and prayed and  
wrought,  
While father, husband, brother fought  
With courage bold, with might and main,  
Our country's honor to maintain.

The war went on; much blood was shed,  
But honor crowned the patriots' heads;  
They faltered not when orders came  
To put the Southern cause to shame;  
They wavered not when deadly foe  
Advanced to force them onward go,  
But on the foe, with shot and shell,  
They made their thoughts and actions tell.

From Sumpter's Fort, where hope had  
fled,  
To Appomattox they were led  
To see Secession's cause go down  
And beg to wear the Union crown,  
To float the stars and stripes once more  
O'er every hovel, shop and store,  
O'er every mansion, church and school  
And let true peace and friendship rule.

What means that sound of marching feet  
Which the attentive ear doth greet?  
'Tis welcome sound to cheer each home;  
The brave and conquering heroes come.

What means that solemn, saddened host?  
The Southern cause forever lost.  
This country now for aye is free;  
The bond men now have liberty.

Where are those brave and gallant souls  
For whom the mournful church-bell tolls?  
On Southern fields where they were slain,  
On many a reddened battle plain,  
In graves kept green by loving hands.  
In unknow graves in distant lands  
They lie in sleep; the same bright sun  
Shines o'er the mounds of every one.

The moon and stars their vigils keep  
In silence o'er them while they sleep;  
O'er some the ocean's billows surge,  
The winds o'er others sing a dirge,  
The grass grows green o'er many a mound  
Of those who heard the bugle sound  
Upon the fearful carnage-field,  
Where they would rather die than yield.

It was for home and country's good,  
They shed their loyal, precious blood.  
No more they'll hear the fife and drum,  
Or hear the tramp of rebels come;  
But now enjoy the peace that's given  
Around their Father's throne in heaven,  
And there await their comrades all  
Who answer their Commander's call.

Give honor, then, where honor's due  
And o'er their graves sweet flowers strew,  
And thus, while they in silence sleep,  
Their names in fondest memory keep.  
Strew brightest roses o'er each mound,  
Where'er a soldier's tomb is found,  
To tell in acts of sweet accord  
True virtue has its own reward.

Bedeck their graves with lilies white,  
Bright emblems pure as morning's light,  
And as a token of brave youth  
Let lilacs white now tell their truth;  
And let the moss grow green above,  
A tribute of maternal love;  
Then for the men they fought to free  
Let live-oak tell of liberty.

Let purple hyacinth reveal  
The sorrow we can ne'er conceal;  
Let myrtle green and violets blue  
E'er tell for them our love so true;  
Let due respect be paid to all  
Who answered at their country's call;  
For they have seen grim-visaged war,  
But soon must pass to yonder shore.

Soon they will pass to yonder shore  
Where they shall hear of strife no more,  
Where war and tumult are unknown,  
Where each shall wear a victor's crown,

And there reunite with comrades who  
Before them made the journey through  
And there await their friends to come  
To dwell in their eternal home.

## LINES ON LINCOLN.

In a home so bright, yet humble,  
On the Old Kentucky shore,  
There was born a man whose talents  
Shall be watchwords evermore.

With a meager education  
His great life-work was begun;  
With a soul so true and earnest,  
All his work was rightly done.

When our Nation's life was threatened  
By Secession's fearful cause,  
He was chosen as our leader  
To enforce our Nation's laws.

In a firm, unswerving manner,  
With his country's love at heart,  
He performed the arduous duty  
As a loyal patriot's part.

## **GEORGE AND MARTHA.**

**(Written for Feb. 22, '98—Dover Schools)**

**(Recited by Paul Rockwell and  
Hazel Crites.)**

**George:—**

O, Martha, I would like to know  
What all these things may mean;  
When we were here long years ago,  
The like was never seen.

**Martha:—**

Yes, George, we truly realize  
What we would ne'er have thought;  
With the march of time new things arise  
The past could not have wrought.

**George:—**

Just hear these boys and girls recite  
And join in sweetest song.  
It seems to be their souls' delight  
Their country's praise prolong.

**Martha:—**

Yes, nobly are their tasks all done;  
As these late days require.  
Our great men's names seem everyone  
With courage to inspire.

George:—

When we were here long years ago,  
This day brought no one cheer.  
Now, pray tell me why, if you know,  
These folks have gathered here?

Martha:—

I have been told, since we have come,  
They celebrate **your** birth,  
Because you made their native home  
The freest place on earth.

George:—

Not I. It was the men who fought  
And followed my command;  
But I am glad that Freedom's wrought  
Deep on Columbia's strand.

Martha:—

Well, let it be as they may choose  
To Freedom's sound prolong.  
Let every patriot bear the news  
And waft them all along.

Both:—

Let all who hear our words take heed  
And live as all men should.  
Do not be led by sense of greed,  
But emulate the good.

## THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

(Written at the completion of the Soldiers'  
Monument, Columbia City, Ind., 1897.)

What means that stately granite shaft  
    Within yon court-house yard?  
It is an emblem placed to waft  
    The love for battle-scarred  
Throughout the realms of time,  
    When those who fought to save our land,  
    Have joined the bright celestial band,  
In sweet, melodious chime.

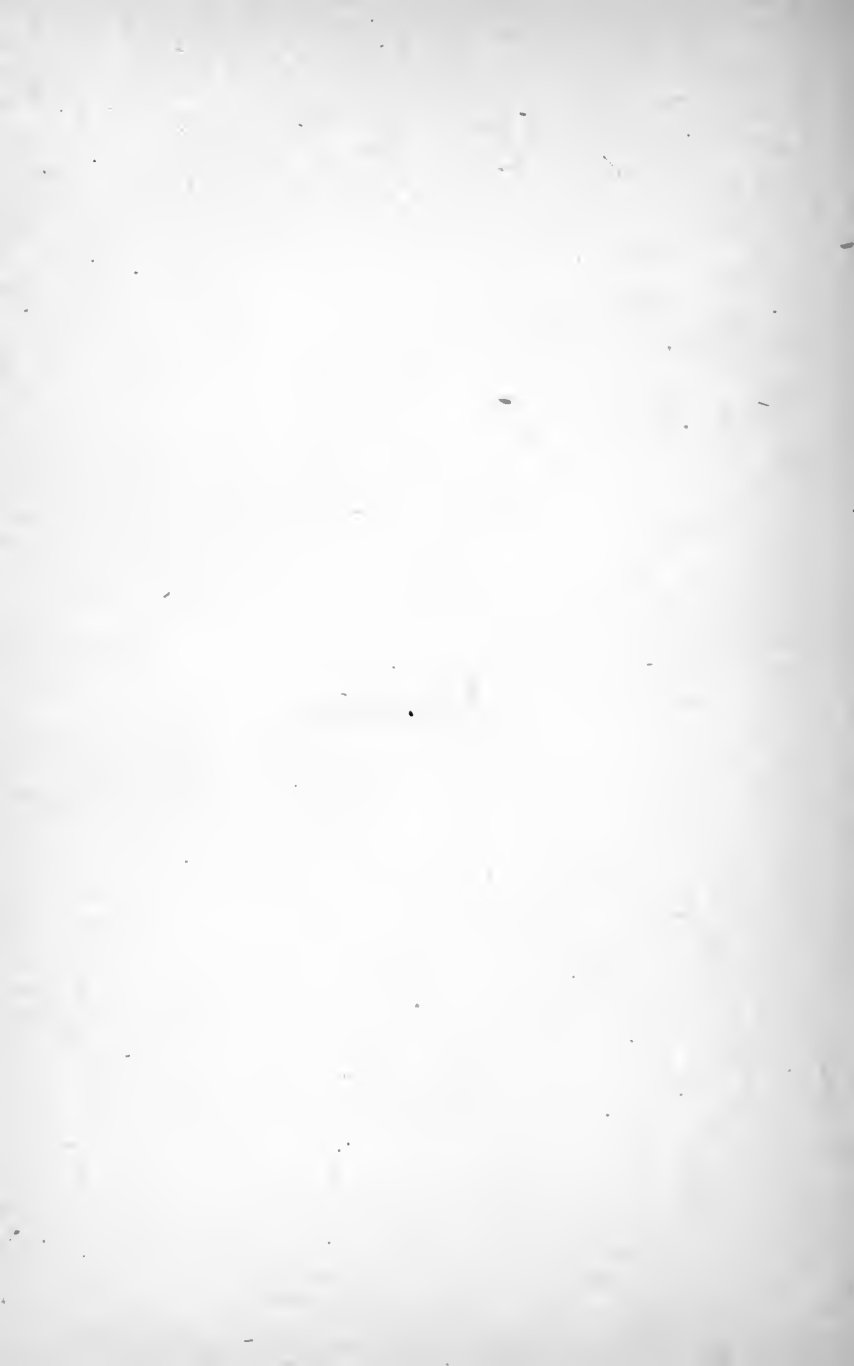
'Tis placed within that court-house yard  
In memory of our battle scarred,  
    Who left their homes and kindred ties  
    To put secession down.  
    Though moved by friends' and dear ones,  
        cries  
    And by the love of home,  
They bade farewell to one and all  
In answer to their country's call.

'Tis placed for friends to look upon  
    And valorous deeds recall  
Of soldiers brave, who long have gone  
    Where naught can them befall;



Where all is joy and peace;  
Where war and tumult are unknown;  
Where naught but love is ever sown,  
And praises never cease.

'Tis placed to cheer the hearts of those  
Who took up arms against the foes  
On northern field and southern plain,  
And on the ocean's wave,  
Their country's honor to maintain;  
To free the tortured slave  
From master's lash and servitude,  
That 'gainst all true advancement stood.



## *Acrostics.*



FATHER.  
MOTHER  
M'KINLEY.  
DOVER PUBLIC SCHOOLS.  
HELEN DE GRAIF.  
CLARA STEITZ.  
JESSIE ADAMS.  
HATTIE GIBBS.  
LUCY LEICHTAMER.  
ARTA DAVIS.  
ESTELLA SHAFER.  
DELLA MARKS.  
JULIA PETER.  
BERTHA ANDREAS.  
LYDIA S. WAGNER.





### **FATHER.**

For the sake of man's salvation  
And a way for him prepare,  
There was born in humble station  
He who died our sins to bear.  
Ever since that joyful story,  
Radiant, leads man on to glory.







### **MOTHER.**

Many a child has learned the story  
Of our Savior's lowly birth,  
Taught by mothers who in glory  
Happier are than we on earth.  
Earnest truth still proves a treasure,  
Royal, noble, and a pleasure.



## **M'KINLEY.**

'Mong the greatest of all ages,  
Chieftains, lords and wisest sages,  
Kings and queens and counts and princes,  
In our land there's one evinces  
Noble manhood, truth sagacious,  
Led not by designs rapacious;  
Ever stands for justice firmly,  
You all know him—'tis McKinley.  
October, 1896.

## **DOVER PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS.**

Down the slopes of life's great highway,  
Over rocks and treacherous sands,  
Very many souls are treading,  
Earnest, fearless truth e'er spreading  
'Round the willing learners' strands.

Proud the learner who can gather  
Unto him the truest pleasure,  
By the culture of his mind.  
Labor is to him a treasure,  
Idleness a woeful measure  
Causing many grief to find.

Something seems to oft impel us  
Choose the truth to lead us on,  
Have stern duty often tell us  
Of the course we have to run,  
Of the places where our gleaning  
Leads us on to higher meaning,  
Such as in our schools is won.

As the greatest of all ages,  
Nobles, kings and hoary sages,  
Delved into the silent pages



CANAL DOVER HIGH SCHOOL.



To discover things unknown,  
Having been for eons sown,  
Earnest thought of modern days  
Into action has been thrown,  
Reading, searching Nature's ways.

Active youth and older student  
Choose the way for them most prudent,  
Hearing lectures, reading books,  
Into crannies, sacred nooks  
Ever peering for the truth.  
Vital truth and moral worth,  
E'er a treasure here on earth,  
Mixed with energy and will,  
E'er achieve the highest goal  
Needed by the human soul.  
Truth divine is guiding still  
Schools of Dover up the hill.

## HELEN DE GRAIF.

Hearken to that silent voice  
Earnestly entreating,  
“Live so that you’ll e’er rejoice;  
E’er be bold when sin annoys,  
Naught but truth repeating.”

Do what conscience bids you do,  
Ere you’re hardened through and  
    through;  
Gently, truly it will guide you,  
Righteousness will go beside you  
As a boon companion true,  
Into realms of beauty bright,  
For there’ll be no clouds or night.



## CLARA STEITZ.

Cheer the faint and heavy hearted;  
Lend to them a helping hand;  
Aid them to get rightly started;  
Rightly have the truth imparted,  
As a leader true and grand.

Show to all the path of duty;  
Teach by action, word and deed;  
E'er direct to realms of beauty  
Into which we all would go  
To secure the priceless mead,  
Zealously we all would know.

## JESSIE ADAMS.

Joyful hearts and happy faces  
Enter into happy homes;  
Speak the truth in proper places;  
Shun the evil when it comes;  
In them there's no place for coldness  
Entertaining sin with boldness.

All the joys of life are fostered  
Doing what is just and right.  
All the tasks of life are mastered,  
Making them appear more bright,  
Surely, when God is our light.

## HATTIE GIBBS.

Halos of God's love surround us,  
As our faith grows strong and true;  
Teachings false so oft' confound us,  
That we scarce know what to do.  
If we scorn them, then our way  
E'er will be as bright as day.

Give thine ear unto God's teaching,  
It is very clear and plain;  
Be attentive to the preaching  
By his servants; 'tis a gain  
Saintly counsel to attain.

## **LUCY LEICHTAMER.**

Live to be a noble woman  
Under God's directing hand;  
Cast aside what's only human;  
Yearn to live at His command.

Live to be a fit example  
Everywhere you e'er may be;  
Into nothingness do trample  
Careless thoughts that come so free;  
Hope and trust in Christ our Savior  
To the end of life's rough way;  
All your actions and behavior  
Mean far more than you can say;  
Earn a name, not peals of laughter;  
Rich rewards you'll have hereafter.

**ARTA DAVIS.**

Arm your mind with noble thoughts;  
Ruin comes oft-times unsought;  
Thought, degraded, with its wiles  
Aims to please with treacherous smiles.

Do the right, cost what it may;  
Ask not what the people say;  
Virtue, honor, truth and right,  
Into realms of radiant light,  
Some poor soul may lead today.

## **ESTELLA SHAFER.**

Eternity, eternity,  
Shall we there ever happy be?  
The life we live, the deeds we do,  
E'en every thought this vain world thro',  
Load condemnation on the soul,  
Lead upward to a righteous goal,  
According as they're false or true.

Shall we attain that peace and rest  
Heaven possesses for the blest?  
All faith and hope on Jesus built  
For us gets pardon for our guilt;  
Eternal joy, eternal peace,  
Rewards will be for our release.

## **DELLA MARKS.**

Do your duty, never ceasing,  
Earnest zeal put forth with power;  
Let your faith be e'er increasing,  
Leading on, from sin releasing,  
At each fast receding hour.

Many sins are daily rising  
And encircling us about,  
Reaching out in ways surprising,  
Kindling griefs, not realizing  
Sometime they'll be blotted out.

## **JULIA PETER.**

Joy and sorrow oft' are blended  
Upon pathways seeming dreary,  
Leading us to thoughts commended  
In those realms where none grow weary  
And this earthly life's transcended.

People should be always striving  
Everlasting joy to gain.  
Truth engrossed upon our living,  
Ever love and kindness giving,  
Reaps rewards for all our pain.



## **BERTHA ANDREAS.**

Be active in the works of life;  
Eternity the scene will end;  
Remember 'tis a constant strife  
Till we are led to comprehend  
How frail are all vain, earthly things,  
And, then, how bright are heavenly  
springs.

Admit as your own counsellors  
Naught but the noble and the true;  
Demand that your coadjutors  
Refulgent deeds about them strew;  
Entwine your brow with gems of love,  
As shine with radiance from above,  
Such as will guide you safely through.

**LYDIA S. WAGNER.**

Let the truth e'er guide you through  
Youth and age what e'er you do.  
Do the right, cost what it may;  
In the end you'll gladly say—  
"All to firmness, truth I owe  
Safely to my home I'll go."

When the breakers o'er you roll  
And you're sailing near a shoal,  
God will guide you in the path  
Never sailed by sin or wrath.  
Endless joy and peace and love  
Reign about His throne above.

*Ohio Medical University Poems*



O. M. U. SONG.

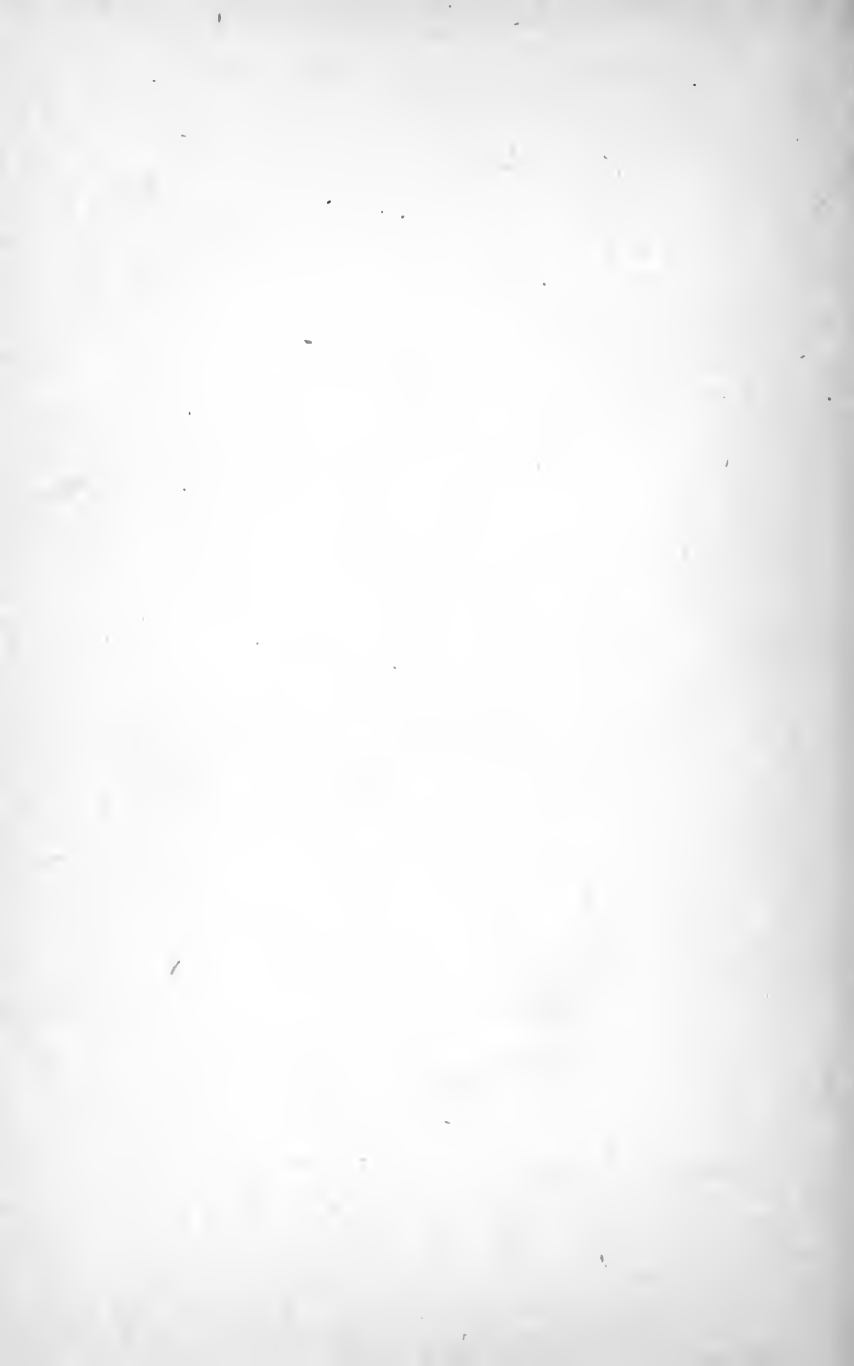
O. M. U. SONG.

A SENIOR "TROLLEY" PARTY.

MYSTERIES.

A REVIEW OF THE PAST.

O. M. U. DEAD-ROOM DIRGE.





**OHIO MEDICAL UNIVERSITY**  
and  
**PROTESTANT HOSPITAL**  
Columbus, Ohio.





## O. M. U. SONG.

All praise to Him whose name is Love,  
Who showers upon from above  
Such blessings as are naught but true,  
Like great and glorious O. M. U.

Praise Him for every deed and thought  
That such an institution wrought,  
While opposition boldly stood  
Against this instrument for good.

O, praise the men, through whom was done  
This noble work, whose fame will run  
Thorough all the world, and gladly strew  
Sweet songs and praise for O. M. U.

In ev'ry land, in ev'ry clime,  
Shout forth the sweet, melodious chime,  
Till echoes answer, "O, 'tis true,  
'Tis great and glorious O. M. U."

## O. M. U. SONG.

All praise to God, who us has given  
An institution grand and true,  
Whose agents have so wrought and striven  
To build and foster O. M. U.

O, Praise the men, the teachers true,  
Whose daily tasks are nobly done;  
Praise all the work of O. M. U.  
And gladly, bravely help her on.

Let poor and needy, sick and sore,  
Hear of the news so good and true;  
They'll loudly praise, yea, and adore  
All help that comes from O. M. U.

Let ev'ry student, ev'ry friend,  
Wherever may his home be found,  
His earnest efforts ever lend  
To waft her name the world around.

## **A SENIOR "TROLLEY" PARTY.**

(October 9, 1895.)

**To the Class of '96 of the Ohio Medical  
University, This Poem is Respect-  
fully Dedicated by the Author.**

O, list to me while I relate  
A story good and true;  
It happened in the Buckeye State,  
And in Columbus, too.

Ohio's Capital is blest  
With schools of ev'ry grade,  
The peer of all here in the West,  
Rose in the last decade.

The first three years of her young life  
Were three most glorious years.  
She prospered without inward strife,  
And 'mid opponents' jeers.

The fourth was lately ushered in  
By full three hundred strong;  
They've all determined to begin  
To move the world along.

A spirit of good will is met  
Wherever you may go.  
You're led to feel, and not forget,  
The welcome they bestow.

Their welcome truly is complete;  
Their work is thorough, too;  
That all may God's approval meet,  
Is hoped by O. M. U.

It was one fair October night,  
In eighteen ninety-five,  
Her Senior Class, with faces bright,  
Joined in a "trolley" drive.

From O. M. U. they started out,  
About the twilight hour,  
And o'er the city took a route  
To see all in their power.

To see? yea, truly, and **be** seen  
As well as to be heard  
In praise of all their work serene,  
Long sought and not deferred.

Their hearts were light, their songs were  
gay,  
And cares they cast aside;  
Their thoughts were free, made no delay  
To take a pleasure ride.

"Electra" radiant came in sight  
Upon yon viaduct,  
And down the grade, amid delight,  
Her steady course she took.

At Park Hotel, the anxious guests  
Were all assembled there,  
And with that peace which none molests,  
They gathered in the car.

To Northwood they their course direct,  
Amid the cheers of all;  
Their fellow-students paid respect  
By answering to the call.

'Twas "Rip, rip, zoo," and "rip, rip,  
zoo,"  
That pierced the evening air,  
"Vive la, vive la, O. M. U."  
Resounded everywhere.

'Twas sacred song, 'twas comic song,  
Rose all along the line,  
That caused the eager, passing throng  
The meaning to define.

From Northwood to the south they moved  
Then out West Broad they went  
To gather in the one who loved  
To work the one with penitent.

The Seniors now were well enthused,  
And their professors, too.  
The odd remarks which them amused,  
Were most divinely true.

“In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no microbes there.”  
Bore down upon them like a dove,  
And greeted ev'ry ear.

Next State street was the line intent  
For many a verbal fray;  
Their mental swords were rightly bent  
To win a glorious day.

Though hooted at by students of  
An antiquated school,  
Those worthy Seniors towered above  
All ancient “medic” rule.

While Rowles and Thompson each took  
off  
The “bottles from the wall,”  
Some wicked boys began to scoff  
At “Kindergarten” gall.

Their words led Seniors to exclaim  
“O, Kindergarten dear!  
We're proud to shout thy noble name  
So every one can hear.”

“We’re glad we’re gathered in thy fold  
To gather truth profound,  
And not in some concern so old  
Where lectures stale resound.

“Those old, time-honored ways have  
gone;  
We’ve better methods now  
By which **our** college work is done,  
As true results will show.”

They hastened on to Fourth and Main,  
With mirthful jubilee  
Resounding far, then back again  
As happy as could be.

From Fourth to Long they steered their  
course,  
Before the trip was done.  
Though many a voice was now quite  
hoarse,  
There was no end to fun.

From Long Street they went back to  
High  
To stir the “Busy Bee,”  
Where servants were prepared to vie  
In cordiality.

’Twas there the journey came to end;  
“Electra” went her way

With radiant lights, the Seniors' friend,  
Remembered many a day.

Farewell, "Electra," now, farewell!  
Your course was nobly run;  
Those noble Seniors oft will tell  
The good that you have done.

The "Busy Bee" now spread her wings  
And welcomed one and all,  
Then offered most delicious things  
To please both great and small.

The Seniors and Professors took  
Refreshments to their fill,  
And talked of subjects in no book,  
While Chapman paid the bill.

So time passed on, the feast was done,  
And silence reigned supreme.  
The silence broke, then toasts begun  
From fertile minds to stream.

Prof. Adams first was called upon  
To utter words of cheer.  
He stated what had best be done—  
That they his proxy hear.

His proxy there was Doctor Reed,  
A man so full of vim,  
Whose cheerful voice is fertile seed,  
And truest wealth to him.



Then Doctor Wright, in words most kind,  
Addressed the Senior Class.  
His words were true, but brought to mind  
That all must onward pass.

Yea, all must pass to realms unknown,  
When life's short course is run,  
And give account for seeds we've sown  
And ev'ry deed we've done.

A few remarks now closed the scene  
Of that eventful night.  
Those cheerful hearts and thoughts serene  
Expressed their great delight.

With pleasant thoughts for many years  
That night they will recall;  
Those thoughts may cause a flow of tears,  
Whatever may befall.

The Senior Class will labor on  
Until commencement Day,  
When they the doctor's title don,  
And sadly go away.

Yea, go away in sadness, true,  
Their life-work to begin,  
With kindest thoughts for O. M. U.,  
And strive success to win.

Success will surely crown their brows  
With everlasting fame,

And as their Alma Mater grows,  
They'll magnify her name.

All will look back with joy and pride,  
And speak of college tricks,  
While honor, peace and fame abide  
With gallant "Ninety-six."

# **SENIOR "TROLLEY" PARTY** **CLASS ROLL.**

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Adel, E. E.,       | Malone, W. R.,     |
| Allen, S. L.,      | Melick, J. W.,     |
| Bainter, G. F.,    | Mercer, W. D.,     |
| Belau, Nettie A.,  | Mitchell, F. M.,   |
| Bonnet, A. O.,     | Millikin, C. B.,   |
| Barnes, H. F.,     | Mealy, J. E.,      |
| Brown, B. F.,      | Monhank, R. W.,    |
| Burson, A. L.,     | Murphy, W. D.,     |
| Combs, Mrs. R. V., | Nessley, G. B.,    |
| Coe, E. W.,        | Onstine, W. A.,    |
| Cole, C. C.,       | Owen, W. A.,       |
| Chapman, J. L.,    | Paxton, E. G.,     |
| Clark, A. T.,      | Pierce, R. L.,     |
| Dempster, A. C.,   | Reinhart, G. M.,   |
| Dennis, C. D.,     | Rowles, T. H.,     |
| Deaton, E. H.,     | Riley, Edgar,      |
| Dignan, W. J.,     | Siegrist, C. H.,   |
| Early, C. H.,      | Smith, E. F.,      |
| Fleming, W. E.,    | Smith, Mrs. J. P., |
| Griffis, F. C.,    | Stitt, J. J.,      |
| Harper, E. B.,     | Stafford, F. P.,   |
| Harris, L. J.,     | Tootle, S. C.,     |
| Jewett, C. E.,     | Thomas, J. L.,     |
| Jones, R. V.,      | Thompson, C. W.,   |
| Kreider, S. G.,    | Thompson, Chas.,   |
| Lemon, W. L.,      | Wagner, P. M.,     |
| Lindsay, O. W.,    | Whitney, G. W.,    |
| Luke, Z. V.,       | Wilson, Ida M.,    |
| Lackey, J. C.,     | Wilson, Milo,      |
| Marsh, H. H.,      | Wolfe, John,       |
| McCuskey, A. E.,   | Young, E. Frances. |
| McOscar, J. R.,    |                    |

## MYSTERIES.

(Graduating Poem, Ohio Medical University,  
March 17, 1896.)

### I.

There are mysteries unnumbered;  
    There are pathways yet unknown;  
There are fields where germs have slumbered  
    After they had long been sown.

Many mysteries are brightened  
    And are brought to light of day;  
Many cares are often lightened  
    As all doubt is cleared away.

Like the germs in silence sleeping,  
    Till aroused to active life,  
Are those thoughts that oft go creeping  
    Into action, deed and strife.

'Twas a thought itself suggested  
    In some fertile willing mind,  
That if cultured unmolested,  
    Would soon greatest favor find.

Soon that thought was set to action  
    In the field of medicine;

Though opposed to foe and faction,  
Nobly did its work begin.

In this world of strife and sorrow,  
There are many whose delight  
Is to hedge in ways most narrow.  
Every action built on right.

But in spit of opposition  
Steady growth did not subside.  
For the cause of the physician,  
Earnest thought will e'er abide.

Many doubters railed, predicted  
Death would early close the scene,  
But their falsehood is depicted  
In its growth so grand, serene.

Silent thought has spread its branches  
And has reared itself to view;  
Long 'twill grow as time advances.  
In the form of O. M. U.

To the weak and tender-hearted  
Who would win a lauded name,  
'Tis mysterious how she started  
And attained such sudden fame.

But to us 'tis clear as crystal  
Formed by nature's faultless hand.  
Truth imprinted is not distal,  
But is near to understand.

All the old and time-worn fancies  
Were discarded in the start,  
And a plan devoid of chances,  
Now directs the better part.

In that age of plain **papyrus**,  
When the books were very few,  
When the writing was with **stylus**.  
Lecturing was the thing to do.

But that age has long since vanished  
Into regions of the past.  
Many plans ought now be banished  
With their disappointments vast.

In this age of books and learning,  
Time is working wondrous change;  
Students are no longer yearning  
For those ancient ways so strange,

But are diligently seeking  
For the newest of the new;  
Everywhere you hear them speaking  
Of the fame of O. M. U.

She has fairly won the laurels  
That entwine her glowing name;  
She so bravely shuns all quarrels  
But maintains her rights the same.

Not alone her plans have made her  
Rise so stately and so fair,

But her teaching force has stayed her  
By its labor and its care.

Men of learning, men of power,  
Labor with incessant toil,  
Like the husbandman and sower  
Plant good seed in fertile soil.

There are men who are not fearful  
Lest a kindly deed they do,  
But are ever bright and cheerful  
And the pride of O. M. U.

They are willing, they are able  
With their various themes to cope,  
And those themes, it is no fable,  
All embrace the widest scope.

By their teaching and exertions,  
They their students well prepare,  
So that out on life's excursions  
They're successful everywhere.

Float your banners, Alma Mater,  
In the sunlight and the breeze!  
Guide your ships thro' deepest water  
And across the briny seas!

All your students and alumni  
Will to you be ever true;  
You're a school we'll proudly stand by—  
Great and glorious O. M. U.

## II.

In the story of creation  
We are told that all was void;  
This gives food for meditation  
Oft to be by doubt annoyed.

All was formless and in darkness  
In the boundless realms of space;  
Naught but God's own vision's sharpness  
Could that awful darkness pierce.

At His will into existence  
Millions of fair worlds He spoke;  
Darkness, then, made no resistance  
But its awful blackness broke.

Out of nothing He created  
The vast, boundless universe,  
And the earth, 'tis plainly stated,  
He, in water, did immerse.

'Twas subsidence and upheaval  
Separated land and sea;  
Then came animals primeval  
In their comely majesty.

Man was made to have dominion  
Over every living thing,—  
Free to form his own opinion  
And himself contentment bring.



Long the story of creation  
Has by many men been known;  
Yet, in every land and nation,  
Precious seed is being sown.

There's a story of a rising  
In the course of recent years,  
That to some is so surprising  
That it fills their eyes with tears.

We will tell its hidden meaning  
So that all will understand—  
So that you need not go gleaming  
In some distant, foreign land.

Word had spread to many a creature,  
Never was there word more true,  
“If in search of school or teacher,  
Better go to O. M. U.”

This was strewn in proper seed-time  
In a broad and fertile field,  
So that, in the golden mean-time  
It abundant fruit might yield.

On a bright and cheerful morning  
In September, 'Ninety-three,  
When all nature was adoring  
Hill and valley, rock and tree;

When the autumn leaves were fading  
And were turning sear and brown,

Many trains began unloading  
Precious cargoes in this town.

All these cargoes were transported  
To the halls of O. M. U.,  
There to be with care assorted,—  
Not an easy task to do.

Like the marble from the quarry  
To the sculptor's skillful hand,  
Came those students, none are sorry,  
Much to learn, to understand.

From the city and the country,  
From the various walks in life,  
They had come to make an entry  
Where the battle still is rife.

O. M. U. now oped her portals  
To those diamonds in the rough,  
For she knew afflicted mortals  
All would need them soon enough,

Then she called upon her teachers  
To their noble task begin—  
To begin to mold those creatures  
In the field of medicine.

Into dentists and physicians  
Must those students molded be,  
So that they might fill positions  
Calling for proficiency.

Bravely did those fit instructors  
    Into realms of science dip;  
They were now the sole conductors  
    Of the students' stately ship.

"Guide them cautiously and steady  
    O'er the paths they're treading now,  
For they may not be quite ready  
    O'er such winding ways to go."

But such caution was not needed,  
    As was early recognized.  
How this class instruction heeded  
    The professors much surprised.

They were ready, longing, waiting,  
    For the hardest kind of work;  
Yearned to work without abating  
    And no duty ever shirk.

Time passed on, the term was ended.  
    When another term began;  
Druggists with this class were blended,  
    With its widest field to scan.

They have scanned the widest regions;  
    They have been a mighty power;  
They have won where other legions  
    Dared not stand a single hour.

They have stood firm and connected  
    In the darkest hour of trial;

They have had their rights respected  
In a most delightful style.

By their great, incessant toiling  
They have won the highest praise;  
May success on them recoiling  
Each to highest honor raise!

All those cargoes have been burnished  
Till as brilliants now they shine;  
They have been with knowledge furnished  
That shall serve them thro' all time.

Three long years they've wrought together  
In a sacred, common cause;  
Now, may neither time nor weather  
Bring to friendship true a pause.

They are fitted now for action,  
But a debt forever owe.  
Never can discord or faction  
Shake their love for O. M. U.

Out upon life's stormy billows  
They are being launched tonight.  
On an abler set of fellows  
Ne'er has shown a ray of light.

Long they've wrought in joy and gladness,  
But they now forever part;  
'Tis this thought that fills with sadness  
E'en the stoutest, bravest heart.

'Tis the thought of parting grieves them,  
For no more they all will meet  
Till the hand of death relieves them  
And their Maker they shall greet.

To the people of Columbus,  
To their student friends as well,  
To the teachers who have taught us  
“Ninety-six” now bids farewell!

## REVIEW OF THE PAST.

While thoughts and ambitions of many a man  
Were seeking, proposing, debating a plan  
By which they might quickly secure a great name,  
With riches and honor and unending fame,  
Some of us had chosen a pathway to go  
That would lead us to seek, to perfectly know  
The workings of nature, the truth that exists  
Free to the senses, or enveloped by mists.  
From highway, from by-way, from city and farm,  
Wherever the beauties of Nature may swarm,  
We gathered in season—our brave student bands—  
And wrought with great manner, with hearts and  
    with hands,  
At the seat of learning, well chosen and planned,  
And by competent men conducted and manned,  
Who'd guide and direct us our college course thro'  
And give us whatever they'd have us to do.  
Whatever was given, was given to last;  
We realize this in reviewing the past.

The first one to meet us was old Father Gray,  
Who greeted us kindly and hoped we would stay  
And often in hallway and classroom reune,  
While anxiously waiting with him to commune.  
He started us in with the structure of bones,

Which proved to the thinker much harder than  
stones,  
For ere we were through with the osseous system,  
We often were led to stop and to listen  
To hear some brave Freshman bewail and discuss,  
Then stopping abruptly, soliloquize thus:—

It seems to me when God made man,  
He used His utmost skill,  
For when we try His work to scan,  
It makes our pulses thrill.

Admirably His work was done  
Upon the human frame,  
But man himself had little fun  
His various parts to name.

To form the head eight bones we find,  
And fourteen for the face,  
Each one arranged to firmly bind  
Some other in its place.

The sphenoid and the palate bone,  
The ethmoid bone as well,  
Make many a conscience hard as stone,  
When bound on them to dwell.

Foramina and lines and cells,  
And fissures, grooves and spines  
Cause students many weary spells,  
While gas or day-light shines.

The spinal column is composed  
Of four and twenty parts,  
With cartilages interposed  
To aid in sudden starts.

The ribs and sternum form a cage  
To shield the lungs and heart,  
Which should be free and not engage  
Some sinful whim of art.

If womankind would exercise  
A little common sense,  
And not be led by fashion's cries,  
Or every slight pretense,

Their every ills might then subside  
And nature's laws be free;  
So long as they those laws deride,  
They'll pain and misery see.

The vital parts need oxygen  
And movement free as air;  
And 'tis a fact, some **things** called men,  
Will foolish corsets wear.

The clavicle and shoulder-blade  
Give to the shoulder form,  
And by the one a fossa's made—  
A fossa for the arm.

Below the humerus we see  
Two bones that neatly glide;



The one the radius must be,  
The ulna by its side.

To form the wrist, eight carpal bones  
Are placed together there;  
They have the form of pebble-stones  
Which we see everywhere.

Five metacarpal bones are set  
To form a single palm;  
These by the phalanges are met,  
As fingers of the same.

The pelvis is a solid frame  
The body to uphold;  
It has two bones "without a name"  
And sacrum we are told.

The coccyx with the sacrum then  
Articulates below;  
These may unite together when  
The bones no longer grow.

Innominates and femurs form  
Two ball and socket joints,  
Which often with bacilli swarm  
At some infected points.

And next below the femur now  
The tibia is met,  
And by its side the fibula  
So carefully is set.

As we our eyes in search direct,  
A "chestnut-bone" we see,  
Which is so placed to shield, protect  
The ever useful knee.

In front of tarsal bones are placed  
The metatarsal five;  
The phalanges are interspaced  
So that the toes may thrive.

Three little bones we'd most forgot,  
Within the ear are found,  
All so arranged and rightly set  
To carry in the sound.

Now, all these bones make up the frame  
Of sinful, mortal man,  
Who many times has cause for shame,  
But lives as best he can.

When life has fled, he's oft consigned  
To aged Mother Earth,  
And often his remains do find  
A realm of greater worth.

And thus the whole course of anatomy thro',  
The study of muscles and arteries, too,  
Of the veins and of nerves,—You remember what  
next,  
Whatever was found in that noted old text;  
For whatever there was came forth without stint,  
But not anymore than from old Doctor Flint,

Or anyone who would his conscience forsake  
And freely of knowledge so cautiously take,  
That a physiology be the result,  
Which of all science is to many occult.  
Considering the functions of organs and cells,  
There's nothing discovered that mentions or tells  
What life is, whence came it, or whither it goes;  
There's so much confusion it frequently throws  
Our thoughts out of balance by problems so vast,  
That oft makes us shudder in reviewing the past.

'Twas thus we started, peering meekly about,  
With much of misgiving and many a doubt,  
For fear that something might quickly arise  
To rob one or all of our coveted prize;  
For there were the acids and bases and salts,  
With atoms and molecules threatening revolts,  
With gasses and vapors not only a few,  
Compatibles and incompatibles, too,  
That chemistry deals with, to yet overcome,  
Nor need we be thinking that all would be done.  
Baccilli and cocci and other strange bugs  
Pretending great friendship, yet dastardly thugs;  
Some lethal, some harmless, some homely, some fair,  
In man's short existence a portion all share  
And must be considered before we passed on  
The apparent long journey we'd started to run.  
And 'tis now as 'twas then, time moves very fast  
As we recall things in review of the past.

Time moved very fast in those glad college days,  
When we schemed and we planned in various ways

To lessen our labors and still to get thro'  
With what the grave faculty gave us to do.  
Histology, pharmacy came in their turn,  
Nor could we materia medica spurn,  
For the physiological action of drugs,  
Their making and dosage, the student oft' shrugs  
His shoulders when thinking of things abstruse,  
Are put by physicians to every day use;  
And then with this subject there went hand-in-hand  
The branch therapeutics, so we'd understand  
On future occasion what course to pursue  
And ever be ready to welcome the new  
In treatment of cases, when science had proved  
By clinics and reason, in accents unmoved,  
Their merit and safety, their power to please  
Unfortunate patrons in the cure of disease.  
And we often stand now in wonder aghast  
As these memories rise in review of the past.

When all the foundations were carefully laid  
And the faculty saw all the progress we'd made,  
They goaded us on and they loaded us down  
With writings of doctors of greatest renown—  
DaCosta and Osler and Anders and Flint  
And all of those fellows whose Practice, in print,  
And their theory, too, would do very well  
Exalted opinions of students to swell,  
But which experience must often reduce  
By practical teachings and everyday use,  
When out in the service, in sickness or health,  
Achieving and earning fame, honor and wealth.  
Diseases of children, obstetrics, then, too,

Were added in lessons not only a few,  
And caused every student to worry and toil,  
Exert every effort, but never recoil;  
But when they added old Thomas and Munde,  
We often were led to labor on Sunday.  
Through all of this labor, we knowledge amassed  
That we gladly recall in review of the past.

With Moullin and Hamilton coming apace,  
We were rapidly nearing the end of our race.  
The study of optics and aural effects  
Were the subjects in course that followed then next;  
But the thought that would now so oft manifest  
Its fearful oppression, was that final **old test**  
That students abhor, wherever they may be,  
In high school or college, here, over the sea.  
Incentive to action, the thought of our goal—  
A license to practice on body and soul,  
Alleviate suffering and comfort to bring  
To afflicted mortals who ever would sing,  
“All praise and all honor to every class  
That from O. M. U.’s portals yearly may pass.”  
The license was granted, our practice begun;  
Each one a portion of his journey has run,  
And feels the great burden he’ll bear to the last,  
As he stops to reflect in reviewing the past.

## O. M. U. DEAD-ROOM DIRGE.

While strolling one night thro' the college,  
Near the dissecting-room door,  
I listened to chatter of voices  
And patter of feet on the floor.  
"O, fellows! those merciless students  
That O. M. U. has to drill,  
Have found us and laid us on tables,  
Thinking we'd ever be still."

### Refrain:—

"O, Heavenly Father, have mercy,  
And take our spirits to Thee,  
For we're doomed as subjects of Science,  
In spite of our piteous plea."

Cadavers were having a revel,  
Midnight was drawing so near;  
Yet I drew myself near to the door,  
And stood each accent to hear.  
"Make merry, make merry, O, fellows!  
Though they our faces may peel,  
And tear out our very parts vital,  
As though we never could feel."

### Refrain:—

"O, Heavenly Father," etc.

Their voices grew sadder and mournful,  
As I was starting to go,  
For they knew that the next night those  
students  
Would sure their bodies undo.  
“O, this is the end of some mortals  
Who tread earth’s pathway alone!  
The rich have their graves made in splen-  
dor,  
The poor are given a stone.”







“O, this is the end of some mortals  
Who tread earth’s pathway alone.”



*Poems of The Heart*



GOOD CHEER.

VISIONS.

WELCOME.

A LETTER.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

A NAME.

JUBILEE POEM.

IN MEMORIAM.



## GOOD CHEER.

Out upon life's stormy billows  
We are often tossed about,  
But if we have faith in Jesus,  
He will surely help us out.

He has promised to be with us,  
When we are by sin beset,  
And "by faith through Him that loved us",  
We shall be true conquerors yet.

All about the conflict rages,  
But we never need have fear,  
If we own Him as our leader  
Who each moment bids us cheer.

He will lead, protect and keep us,  
Though the world may us revile;  
He will be our joy and comfort  
In the darkest hour of trial.

Let us, then, have faith and courage;  
Let us labor while we may;  
Let us seek who never knew Him  
And who never knew the Way.

Let us seek the faint and weary  
Who have fallen, yet are near,  
Whom a single word of comfort  
Would bring tidings of good cheer.

All have trials, tribulations,  
But our banners are unfurled;  
'Tis the voice of Jesus cheers us—  
“I have overcome the world.”



## VISIONS.

(During the sickness of the late Mrs. Samuel Wyant, she experienced such visions as gave rise to the following:)

Patiently a Christian mother  
Bore disease and suffering,  
Waiting for the final summons  
To the presence of her king.

Husband, children, sisters, brothers,  
Bade adieu to one they loved;  
Then, as if by heavenly power,  
She to actions grand was moved.

She beheld her angel mother  
Who had gone long years before,  
And with her had conversation  
Of the bright eternal shore.

“Oh, my mother! now I see her  
On the golden strands above;  
She is waiting there to meet me  
And to greet me with her love.

“See! within those heavenly portals  
With outstretched arms she stands;

She is calling, 'Come, my daughter,  
To these realms of golden sands.'

"I am coming, mother darling,  
Out across bold Jordan's flood;  
Bear me in your arms to Jesus  
Who has saved me by His blood."

"No, my daughter," came the answer  
From the land of pure delight,  
"You must tarry, tarry longer,  
Ere from earth you take your flight."

But the daughter, growing weary.  
Said to her in yonder gate—  
"Oh, I thought that I was ready  
And need here no longer wait.

"Call two angels, mother darling,  
To assist you bear me home;  
I am ready now, and waiting  
For the messengers to come."

But her pleadings were unheeded;  
She must tarry yet awhile;  
Through two days we watched her breath-  
ing,  
Then, at last, beheld her smile.

"Come, dear mother, let me kiss you"—  
Then a sound so loud and clear,

Told they had a joyful meeting  
In that land of boundless cheer.

Earthly joy and earthly sorrows  
Were replaced by heavenly peace;  
Mother, daughter had reunion,  
And have joys that never cease.

## WELCOME.

Parents dear and friends most true,  
We are glad to welcome you  
To this summer feast of ours;  
To this feast of love and flowers,  
Which to us comes once a year,  
With its music, joy and cheer;

To this feast of praise and song  
That shall move the world along,  
From the love of senseless show;  
From the ways of sin and woe;  
Into paths diviner far  
Than all earthly pleasures are.

Welcome to this sacred place,  
Where we love our steps to trace.  
On each blessed Sabbath day,  
We our daily cares do lay  
On the altar of our Lord,  
As commanded in His Word.

Welcome all who seek to know  
How to more like Jesus grow;  
How to free themselves from sin;  
How the heavenly goal to win,  
When life's pilgrimage is o'er  
And we're called to yonder shore.

God has given life and health  
As a portion of our wealth.  
What He gives we are to use  
To His glory, not abuse,  
So our lives forever may  
Be a joyous Children's Day.

## A LETTER.

Canal Dover, Ohio, Oct. 3rd, 1898.

My Dear Pupils:—

We've had a long vacation  
Our weary minds to rest,  
Whilst was adorned our station  
With frescoes of the best.

Now, since we all have rested,  
To God's house we'll return.  
Our faith may oft' be tested,  
But truth we'll never spurn.

Let skeptics vie with satan  
God's word to overthrow;  
By them 'twill ne'er be shaken,  
But more in power grow.

It is the food that feedeth  
The weary, hungry soul,  
That strength and power needeth  
To guide it to its goal.

Vacation's days are ended;  
To Sunday-School return;  
Let all our thoughts be blended  
With His of whom we learn.

Let's all be in our places  
On our next Sabbath-day,  
With bright and happy faces,  
To grateful homage pay.

## IN MEMORIAM.

(Written for the Luther League Memorial service,  
in memory of Miss Effie Trembly, January 3, 1897.)

In the noontide of youth the dread messenger came,  
And to one of our members he quickly laid claim;  
Thus while "Hope" was our watchword and "On-  
ward" our cry,

He quietly came from the bright regions on high  
And lovingly whispered, "Thou art weary, now  
come,

For bright angels are waiting to carry thee home;  
Thou hast truly been fitted for service of love;  
Come, dwell now with Jesus in mansions above."  
He tenderly whispered, then he touched her frail  
form,

And quickly her spirit by bright angels was borne  
To mansions eternal, from earth's toiling and care,  
With heavenly beings their rejoicings to share.  
Her friends and her loved ones who had not gone  
before

To await her arrival on that evergreen shore,  
Were left here in sorrow, yet rejoicing to know  
That the works of her life have carried her through.  
In the home they will e'er miss her bright shining  
face,



For they long to behold her in her long wonted  
place;

But 'tis vacant, and Effie no more will be there,

It will ever be vacant—that saered old chair.

Her friends and her kinfolk will see her no more,

Till summoned to meet her on eternity's shore

Where she'll welcome them all when life's journey  
is run,

And each one the allotted true labor has done.

In the Church and in League we her counsels will  
miss,

And our Sunday school, too, shares our sorrow in  
this.

For Jesus she ever was prompt, faithful to work,

And no duty we ever have known her to shirk.

Her labors are ended; she's at peace and at rest

In that fair home eternal, the brightest and best.

In Jesus, for Jesus she lived while on earth,

And now has rewards of inexpressible worth.

## IN JESUS' LOVING ARMS.

(The following lines accompanied the floral offering to the late Effie Trembly:)

In Jesus' loving arms asleep,  
While angels o'er her vigil keep,  
    In peaceful rest,  
    Hands on her breast,  
She lieth free from earthly care;  
Her spirit heavenly joys doth share.

In Jesus' loving arms asleep,  
While friends in deepest sorrow weep;  
    Their loss, her gain;  
    She's free from pain,  
While friends do wail with mournful voice,  
She doth with heavenly bands rejoice.

In Jesus' loving arms asleep,  
While down the shores of time so steep,  
    We swiftly glide,  
    Soon by her side,  
Will mother, sister, brother, friends,  
In Jesus' love receive amends.

For Luther League.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S WARFARE.

I love to fight against the foes  
Which everywhere arise,  
And as my faith much stronger grows,  
Work for a heavenly prize.

Bright jewels from above I seek,  
Far more than earthly kind,  
For in my Saviour, lowly, meek,  
My firmest friend I find.

My enemies are truly strong,  
And treacherous as well;  
They try to lead me in the wrong,  
And to eternal hell.

The hosts of sin plan every way  
To tear my fortress down;  
But in my fortress I will stay  
To win a starry crown.

True honor, truth, and righteousness  
Must all our weapons be;  
Then will our lot be happiness,  
And we'll our Saviour see.

## A NAME.

Minnie Leichtamer:—

I hold within my little hand  
A letter, as you see;  
For thus begins the name of One  
Who died on Calvary.

Mary Stutz:—

The next to form that precious name,  
I hold within **my** hand.  
That name to all most precious is;  
'Tis noble, true and grand.

Mildred Belknap:—

Another le'ter here **I** bring,  
That beauteous name to spell.  
I love to do all in my power  
Of saving grace to tell.

Edna Geckler:—

The letter "U" is next in line,  
As you do now behold.  
Christ seeks o save those who have strayed  
So far, far from the fold.

Bessie Myers:—

The letter "S" completes the name  
Of which you all have heard;

For 'tis recorded, as you know,  
In God's own precious Word.

**J - E - S - U - S .**

All:—

'Twas nineteen hundred years ago,  
Our Savior dear was born;  
But 'tis today as it was then  
That some His love do scorn.

Be joyful, then, all who profess  
His wondrous love to share;  
Hide not your light but let it shine  
With splendor everywhere.

Rejoice and sing, as on that night,  
In far off Bethlehem,  
The angels sweetly sang, "Peace be  
On earth, good will to men."

## JUBILEE POEM.

(Written for the celebration of the semi-centennial of Grace Lutheran Church, Columbia City, Ind., April 11-18, 1837.)

Come near, my friend,  
And kindly lend  
You ear and concentrate your mind  
Upon my theme.  
It yet remains for man to find  
What is that force or power called life.  
What aids us in our daily strife  
Remains unseen.

With searching thought,  
Man long has wrought  
In realms of deepest mystery,  
To find some trace  
Of what he e'er has failed to see;  
Yet in the plant, within his frame,  
In beings of whatever name  
It has its place.

Yet all his thought  
Has never brought  
The satisfac'ion he desires;  
When led to think

The object to which he aspires  
Within his grasp, he must confess  
That into realms of nothingness  
It seems to shrink.

Whate'er it is,  
He's not amiss  
In calling it mysterious;  
And though it be,  
His conscience' voice so serious,  
Commands him so to live that those  
Who oft or daily round him close  
Will rightly see,

And seeing well,  
Their lives will tell  
That they have been with Him who rules  
The universe,  
Who in His wisdom gave us tools  
With which to unknown realms explore,  
To learn to know Him more and more,  
And truth rehearse.

Though finite man  
May love to scan  
And penetrate the works of God,  
His weary eyes  
Will oft retrace the ways he trod;  
And many times he'll stop, reflect,  
And then exclaim, "Could I expect  
To be as wise?"

When he is done,  
And sets his sun  
To rise no more on this frail earth,  
But on that shore  
Whose realms are of far greater worth,  
He'll realize from tiniest seed  
May spring the most obnoxious weed,  
Or loveliest flower.

Just fifty years ago, 'tis said,  
A tiny seed was sown  
In fertile soil, by loving hands,  
Upon Columbia City's strands.  
Since then the strongest gales have  
blown,  
And Satan's hosts cast many a frown  
And tried to keep its forces down,  
When it would rear its head.

The silent germ within that seed  
Contained a vital force  
Implanted there by hands divine,  
(Whose will obey, then peace will shine;  
If not obeyed, expect remorse,)  
Which would in time begin to grow  
And every sign of action show  
In growth as well as deed.

The fertile soil contained the food  
For proper nourishment.  
The tiny seed began to swell;  
Its actions soon began to tell



Upon what course it was intent;  
A tiny blade at first appeared,  
But looked as though it had been seared  
And ne'er could do much good.

But God had planned another course  
In which that plant should go:  
That tiny blade took on a hue  
Of living green and brighter grew  
As the sun would shine and breezes  
blow;  
Its efforts all were daily blest  
As it would try to manifest  
Its latent vital force.

That verdant blade grew day by day  
In beauty and in length;  
When growing buds began to form  
In daylight fair or fiercest storm,  
They gained in numbers and in  
strength.  
The growth kept on incessantly  
And promised a productive tree,  
In many a pleasing way.

From buds sprang branches strong and  
fair,  
And those then others bore,  
Until a large and stately tree,  
With form as perfect as could be,  
Our Heavenly Father to adore,

Had grown from out that tiny seed,  
To fill Columbia City's need  
And set its impress there.

Those branches, too, were richly decked  
With brightest foliage,  
Which in itself was recompense  
To e'en the very keenest sense  
Of child, or youth, or bearded sage.  
It was the perfect evergreen  
Whose like had never yet been seen;  
Its growth could ne'er be checked.

Though living green that tree adorned,  
A brighter luster shown  
From sweetest, loveliest, sacred flowers,  
To cheer these fainting hearts of ours  
And teach us that we're not alone.  
The tree then richest fruitage bore,  
To keep us ever near that shore  
That many oft' have scorned

Through winter's rough and chilling blast,  
Through summer's raging flood,  
Through listlessness, within, without,  
Through many a skeptic's wilful doubt,  
That tree has nobly passed and stood  
For fifty years that tree has grown  
And often has its seed been sown  
For harvesting at last.

As years pass by the ripened fruit  
Is safely gathered home;  
But some may falter by the way  
And never see that happy day  
That for the just does surely come.  
Whate'er life is, there is a change  
That seems to all so very strange,  
Our daily walks must suit.

Those fifty years of earnest search  
And true untiring zeal  
Have shown the way to many a soul  
That seemed as lost, but was made whole,  
When they the Savior did reveal.  
Those fifty years seem but a day,  
In the dim and misty far-away,  
To this—Grace Lutheran Church.

## IN MEMORIAM.

(Lutheran S. S. Memorial service, Columbia City, Ind., Dec., 1896.)

In the silent midnight watches,  
In the fulness of the day:  
God in tender mercy guideth,  
In the true and proper way.

At the hour we least expect Him,  
Whether childhood, youth, or age;  
Comes Death's Angel with the summons,  
Claiming child as well as sage.

Happy ye, if ever ready  
To obey the Master's call;  
Which will come, at night or noonday,  
To the great as well as small.

In the happy days of childhood,  
When all hopes were fair and bright;  
When their chatter and their laughter,  
Brought to home-life many a light;

When their rosy lives were budding  
Into noble womanhood;  
Which should ever be a blessing,  
And an element of good;

When our Sunday School would miss  
them,

Came the Messenger of Dea'h;  
Claimed a loved one, Stella Killian,  
In the passing of a breath.

Rosa Aulton next was summoned,  
To join Stella up on high,  
Where they'd e'er be free from sorrow,  
And not need for mercy cry.

They have been ere us promoted  
From this Sunday School below,  
To the Sunday School triumphant,  
There to more like Jesus grow.

Though they've gone to brighter regions,  
And are free from pain and care;  
We shall miss them, sadly miss them,  
In our school and everywhere.

In their homes a place is vacant,  
Which none ever can refill;  
Come what may, those places ever,  
Will be Stella's, Rosa's still.





PARSONAGE AND GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH, CANAL DOVER, OHIO.





*Miscellaneous Poems*



THE TRIBE OF HUR.

ME AND U.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

MENU.

TO THE STATENDAM.

CAPTAIN BRUINSMA.

A MESSAGE.

THE LITTLE BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.

CLASS SONG.

CLASS ADDRESS.



## THE TRIBE OF HUR.

March on, march on, O, Tribe of Hur!  
Across the fertile plain,  
Across high mountain, hill and vale,  
Thy purpose to attain.

March on, march on, O, Tribe of Hur!  
Thy chosen course pursue;  
March on thy way with firm resolve,  
Be steadfast, just and true.

Let Truth, Benevolence unite  
With Honor as thy guide,  
A motto worthy of the name  
And as a source of pride.

Let Faith and Love and Righteousness  
And true Devotion meet,  
And thus the seven-pointed star  
In majesty complete.

The star that led the three Wise Men  
In old Judean days  
Still points the way for everyone  
Who Truth's great call obeys.

Let Truth divine e'er point the way  
Through all the days to come;  
Let perfect Love cement the ties  
Of friendship and of home.

Protect the home and fatherless  
Throughout our glorious land  
When family ties are broken—wrecked  
By death's relentless hand.

Put forth thy hand, thy strength reserve,  
To keep want from the door;  
Those who are left to weep alone  
Will praise thee evermore.

## ME AND U.

Ye hungry souls who here may dine  
List to the words of grace divine;  
Then wait a moment for a tray  
That bears a bowl of consomme  
And relishes for you to bite,  
To whet your latent appetite.

Then let-tuce eat some choice spring lamb  
And turkey roast with berry jam,  
Asparagus on nice brown toast  
And sherbet rare, our landlord's boast,  
Tom-ate-O's fine before he knew,  
And A C<sub>2</sub> H<sub>3</sub> O<sub>2</sub>

And now you'll want a pleasant mead,  
So that you can with safety feed  
On early P's and apple-saws  
To further please capacious maws;  
The Pot-ate-O's, 'tis really true,  
But that ought not to worry you.

With ice-cream, fruit and lovely cake  
Our **Me and U** must stop,  
Or you'll be led by some queer ache  
To seek a doctor shop.

## CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Another school-year now we close;  
Our course we've bravely run;  
Our text-books, doubtless seek repose,  
Until vacation's done.

Through autumn's cool yet cheerful days;  
Through winter's chilling blast,  
We labored on, mid blame and praise,  
While schooldays flitted past.

We labored to foundations lay  
And superstructures build,  
That should be monuments for aye,  
And not to only gild.

For gilt, you know, cannot withstand  
The ravishes of time;  
'Twill wear away as does the sand,  
Or does the morning rime.

We have too much of gaudy show  
On this Terrestrial ball.  
Far better 'tis in Truth to grow  
And list to Duty's call.



## MENU.

Ye hungry souls who form this group,  
Partake of some well-flavored soup,  
With radishes and olives green,  
To lightly fill the space between  
The thanks of gratitude and where  
Begins the proper bill of fare.

Then let-tuce eat the prime of beef  
And what sometime was bound in sheaf,  
Spring chicken roast and choice veal stew,  
And A C<sub>2</sub> H<sub>3</sub> O<sub>2</sub>,  
Nor e'er forget that Tom-ate-O's  
And dainty pudding e'er it froze.

More appetite you may now need  
With pickled tongue yourself to feed,  
And that you may your stomach please  
You'll want a plate of early P's;  
But be not shocked, so near the close,  
On learning that the Pot-ate-O's.

With ice-cream, fruit and lovely eake  
Our menu we'll complete,  
But now to speak of stomach-ache  
Would be too indiscreet.

## TO THE STATENDAM.

(On board the Holland-American liner,  
Statendam, Aug. 7, 1907.)

Sail on, sail on, O, Statendam!  
Along a course most true;  
Thy human freight will gladly greet  
The Red and White and Blue.

Sail on, sail on, O, Statendam!  
Plow thro' the angry foam;  
Thy human freight waits anxiously  
For Freedom's flag and home.

Sail on, thou prond, majestic boat,  
O'er waters deep and wild;  
May God direct thee on thy way  
As He directs a child.

Thy keel, 'tis true, was firmly laid,  
Thy superstructure, too,  
And thy machines are nobly manned  
By a fearless, steadfast crew.

O, great advance on ancient days!  
Unhindered float thou on;  
Sail on thy path across the deep  
Until thy journey's done.

Rejoice, rejoice will all on board  
    To view their native land,  
While friends most dear stand waiting there  
    To grasp them by the hand.

For grand reunions there will be  
    When the steamer touches shore;  
While others must so sadly wait  
    But meet on earth no more.

Sail on, sail on, O. Statendam!  
    Plow thro' the angry foam.  
Soon comes the time for everyone  
    To seek a better home.

## CAPTAIN BRUINSMA

—of—

The Statendam.

(An Acrostic.)

On Board of the Statendam, Aug. 8, '07.

Come, listen, friends, while I repeat  
A merited and heartfelt toast!  
Prepared to meet what e'er's their fate,  
To help when help is needed most,  
A crew of men serve on this ship  
In full accord, in unison;  
Nor can a faithful order slip.

Bruinsma, Captain is the one  
Reigns at the helm thro' calm and gale;  
Undaunted courage must be his  
In order ne'er to halt or fail;  
Nor are his reckonings amiss.  
So let us "toast" him as a man,  
Mindful, careful—while we can—  
As Captain of the Sta'endam!

Old ocean's waves roll proudly o'er  
From Holland's coast to Freedom's shore;

Their rainbow tints, in colors grand,  
Hues such as miss the artist's hand,  
E'er lift themselves before our eyes.

Swells come and go, they fall and rise;  
The stately steamer plows them through  
Along her course, led by her crew.  
The passengers with one accord  
Enjoy their comfort here on board;  
Nor has one word along our way  
Denoted doubt or slight dismay.  
A Captain guides, thro' Higher Power,  
Merits the plaudits of the hour.

## A MESSAGE.

(Dedicated to State Deputy M. D. Roche.)

'Twas in the heated season,  
The month of last July,  
There came with sharpened reason,  
(On this you can rely),  
Two men from distant cities,  
With news they wished to strew  
To everyone that pities  
His loved ones good and true.

These two were Roche and Perry,  
A royal, jolly set;  
They were two men as merry  
As ever we have met.  
They walked about our city  
And viewed it o'er and o'er,  
Then said it was a pity  
They had not come before.

They told the precious tidings  
To everyone they met,  
Till love from out its hidings  
True sympathy had set.  
What was it they were telling?  
"The Woodmen of the World,

In charity excelling,  
Their banner have unfurled.

“Come, march beneath our banner;  
The march will do you good,  
For you will be the gainer,       ,  
As you in justice should.  
We’ll care for and protect you  
In sickness and distress;  
Our aim is to direct you  
Through life’s great wilderness.

“Life’s pathway oft’ seems dreary  
To many passing through;  
They oft’ grow faint and weary  
And know not what to do.  
Life is to them uncertain,  
And death soon all may end;  
But what, when falls the cur ain,  
Of those who on them depend?

“They’re left to want and sorrow,  
Unceasing drudgery;  
With dread of each tomorrow,  
They’ll live continually.  
That they may yet together  
The soul and body hold,  
To sin and crime, my brother,  
Their virtues oft’ are sold.

“Come, then, and join our order,  
The Woodmen of the World,

Then when you cross life's border,  
To want will not be hurled  
Those who to you are dearest;  
Those who on you depend;  
Show them you are their nearest,  
Their truest loving friend.

"In sickness we'll be near you,  
To comfort fellow-man;  
In sorrow we will cheer you,  
As only brothers can;  
And when this life is ended,  
And ear h your body keeps,  
There'll be a shaft erected,  
Where'er a Woodman sleeps."

This message soon was heeded  
By many worthy men;  
'Twas what had long been needed  
And longed-for, but in vain.  
A camp in Canal Dover,  
The Tuscarawas Camp,  
Just list! The whole town over,  
You hear their joyous tramp.

They have themselves protected;  
Let death come when it may;  
Their dear ones not neglected,  
When comes that mournful day,  
Will thankful be that father,  
When the banner was unfurled,  
Did not neglect to gather  
With the Woodmen of the World.



## THE LITTLE BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE.

As I was strolling o'er the hill,  
    Across the hill from Zoar,  
Along the road to Sandyville,  
    As oft' I'd done before,  
A little schoolhouse came to view  
    In the green vale below,  
Where Sandy Creek flows clamly through,  
    With calm, majestic flow.

From South and west the hills o'erlook  
    This Learning's temple fair,  
While near it flows a babbling brook  
    I often fain was near.  
To east and north a beauteous vale  
    In richest verdure dressed,  
Could tell full well a wondrous tale  
    Of schooldays unoppressed.

I stopped on what was Exline hill  
    In those grand former days,  
Which proudly stands majestic, still,  
    As guardian of the ways  
That lead to farmhouse and to town,  
    And with reverting thought  
Upon familiar scenes looked down,  
    With pleasant memories fraught.

While thought sped back to 'Little Brick'  
Of childhood and of youth,  
I scanned the vale from hill to creek  
And realized the truth  
That time works wonders swift and  
strange  
In feature and in form;  
Yet, childhood's lessons seldom change  
In sunshine or in storm.

The woods that deck the hillside o'er,  
The brook that babbles by,  
Old Sandy's grand, enticing shore,  
The dear old pond, now dry,  
The gentle slopes to vale below,  
The lawn upon which stands  
The schoolhouse built so long ago  
By patient, toiling hands,

All had a share in early days  
In training girls and boys;  
Each played i s part in many ways,  
Through mingled tears and joys,  
Preparing for life's trials and needs,  
While steadfastly they trod  
The life that up to nature leads  
And up to Nature's God.

## CLASS SONG.

(Written for the Class of 1905, Dover High School.)

Tune: "Dixie."

Class Motto: "Dig."

O, schoolmates, list! 'tis du'y calling  
To the work that may be galling;  
Then up! then up! then up and onward!  
For long we have been taught and learning,  
Nor have we the truth been spurning;  
Then up! then up! then up and onward!  
Proclaim the truth as taught us! Naught-five!  
Naught-five!

Proclaim the truth as taught us!  
Proclaim the pleasure brought us! Naught-five!  
Naught-five!

Proclaim the pleasure brought us! Naught-five!  
Naught-five!

Proclaim the truth as taught us!

For truth and right we take our stand  
And let them always us command;  
Then up! then up! then up and onward!  
We'll aim the saddened heart to lighten,

Every dreary pathway brighten;  
Then up! then up! then up and onward!  
And reach the goal we're seeking! Then dig!  
          then dig!  
To reach the goal we're seeking,  
To utter words worth speaking! Then dig!  
          then dig!  
And utter words worth speaking! Then dig!  
          then dig!  
To reach the goal we're seeking.

O, hear the call from yonder station  
Calling us to serve our nation;  
Then up! then up! then up and onward!  
Our High-School has so well prepared us;  
Health and vigor have been spared us;  
Then up! then up! then up and onward!  
Advance the cause of learning! Then dig!  
          Naught-five!  
Advance the cause of Learning  
And naught but praises earning! Then dig!  
          Naught-five!  
And naught but praises earning! Then dig!  
          Naught-five!  
Advance the cause of Learning!

## CLASS ADDRESS.

(Delivered to the class of 1901, Dover High School,  
May 29, 1901.)

“All things change  
To something new, to something strange.”

The beautiful and pleasant days of summer are with us, but nature is unceasing in her course and soon the beautiful, smiling scenes of summer must change to those of bleak and dismal winter. Instead of balmy breezes laden with southern perfumes, will come the icy blasts from northern seas. These changes remind us that there is no standstill in the course of human life. The beautiful days of summer recall the innocent days of childhood, when we were fondled and caressed upon our mother's bosom; when we knew not the sorrows, the trials, the tribulations of this life. But those days are gone. We can only sit and ponder over the realities of the past. But the past has taught its lesson and the present is at hand. Let the past, then, take care of itself, and while the present is with us, let us prepare ourselves for the future, else when the bleak, dismal days of manhood and womanhood come, as do those of winter, we will be wholly unprepared.

What means this preparation? I leave that for you to answer; but one thing is certain, we must look after the welfare of the immortal soul. In order to accomplish our aim, we must properly care for our mortal bodies, so as to make them fit abiding places for the immortal spirit, else it will prematurely take its departure with "that caravan which moves to mysterious realms."

"The home is the bulwark of civilization." There should be laid the foundation for perfect manhood and womanhood. Next to the home stands the public school, and if these two go hand in hand fulfilling their God-given duties, the future of our boys and girls is assured. But, alas! the public school of today is often thwarted in its design by the careless indifference and criminal negligence of parents. Instead of looking after the intellectual qualifications of their children, they worship the "Almighty Dollar." They permit their children to run about the streets contaminated with degradation and crime, instead of throwing about them the sweet mantle of home covered with a father's and a mother's love. Instead of raising their intellectual character by inculcating a fond desire for good literature, they permit them to devour the filthy dregs thrown together from the pens of lascivious and shallow-brained authors.

None but the best, the rarest of the rare,  
Should man's or woman's meditations share.

Our minds and bodies are given us to use and

develop in ways of justice and usefulness. Unchaste literature and immoral thoughts will poison the mind and degrade its habitation. Lack of proper exercise will weaken the body, and excessive and improper exercise will so weaken or derange the organic functions that when the wintry days of life draw nigh comfort will be a misnomer and suffering the penalties of past follies a painful reality.

The Preacher in his wisdom said: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

We are all prone to accept the first portion of this statement without considering the latter. Thus too many people make their fatal mistakes, because they do not consider what the penalties, if any, may be. We live not for the present alone, but also for the future. We live not for ourselves only, but also for those about us. If we are stumbling-blocks to ourselves or our fellow-beings, the sooner our Creator removes us from this earthly career, the better it will be for those who have some purpose in life.

There are men of every nation,

Yea, and men of every race,

Who exist, it seems, for nothing

But to occupy the space—

Occupy the space of faithful,

Energetic men of brains

Who would prove to be a blessing,

And be free from guilty stains.

Young ladies, today you stand upon the threshold looking out into the future inquiring of yourselves what the world expects of you. Your High School courses are completed. You have done your best, and now you stand facing, not an ending, but the commencement of a battle with the stern realities of life. You have been learners, now you must teach. Much is expected of you, and I trust you will not bring disappointment to those who have labored so faithfully in your cause. Aim high and always do your best. More you can not do.

Remember that the world no longer needs simply physical power. That time in its history has passed. It now demands men and women of character and intellect—intelligent, God-fearing men and women, such as are willing and able to cope with the great battles and problems of life. “Character is higher than intellect.” “No circumstance can repair a defect of character.” Then guard well your footsteps, for vipers and scorpions are in your way. Temptations assail you on every hand watching in an unguarded moment to rob you of what you can never regain. Do not seek reputation at the expense of character, for that would be a fatal mistake. Character is what you are. Reputation is what people say you are. Reputation takes many through this world, but when the final summons comes, then compare the records of reputation and character.

And now, Miss Arta Mae Davis and Miss Elizabeth Mae Belknap, in behalf of the teachers and the Board of Education of the Dover Union Schools,



upon the completion of your respective courses, I present you these diplomas. Take them as fit crowning-wreaths of your successful work. Take them, and may you ever be worthy alumnae of Dover's pride—her Public Schools. Take them, and "when time shall have woven for each of you a silvery chaplet and the silent tomb shall open to receive you, it may be said of you that you have been true to yourselves, true to your alma mater, true to your country and true to your God."

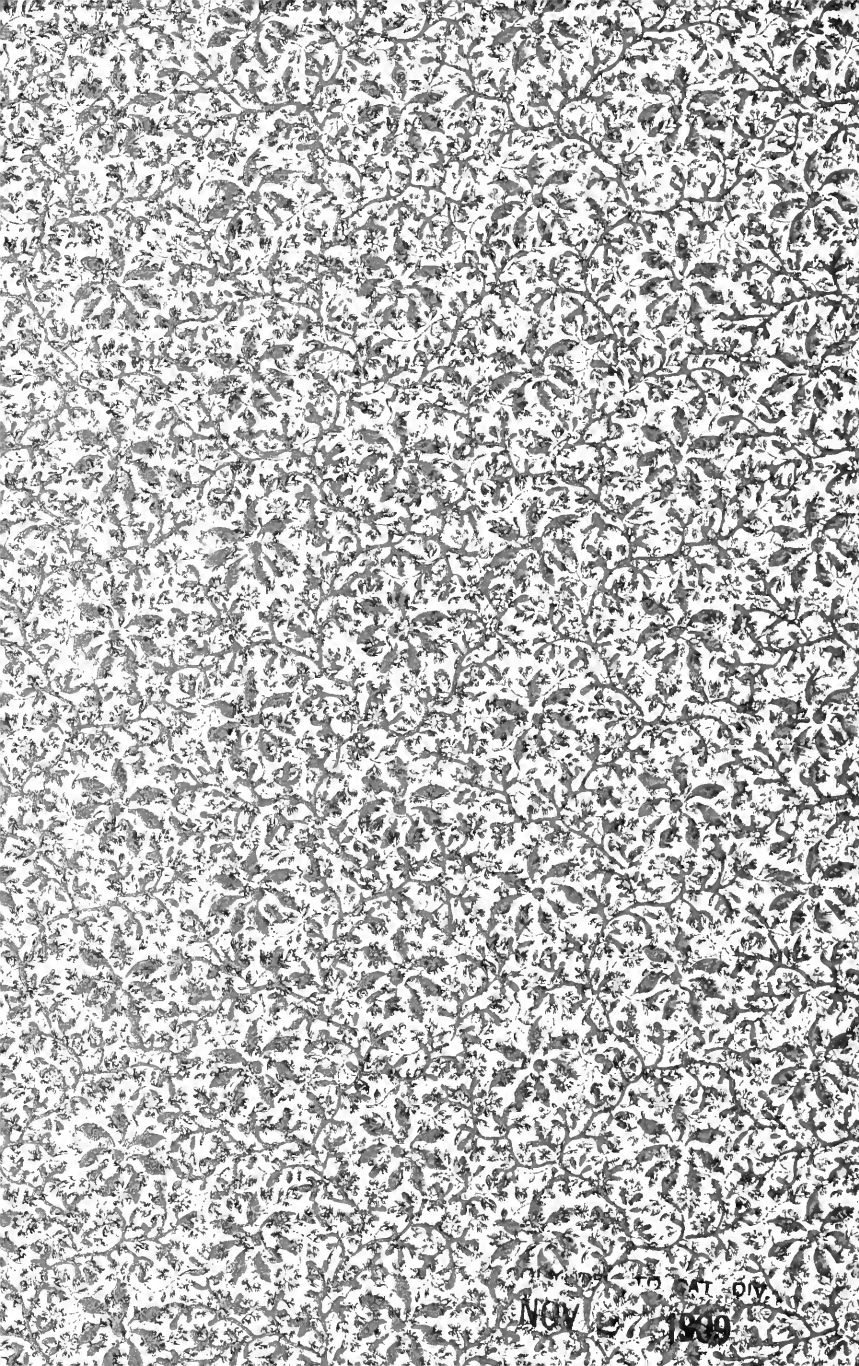


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